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AN ORIGINAL FARCE,

IN ONE ACT.

WALLOP'S WOOING,

BY

R. R. ANDREWS, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "SILVERSTONE'S WAGER," "SHE'S FAST ASLEEP," ETC.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A DESCRIPTION OF COSTUME, CAST OF CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS, RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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R. R. ANDREWS,
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

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PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
1876.

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WALLOP'S WOOING.

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LIST OF CHARACTERS.

Wallop . . .	A bachelor, and quite a catch.
Col. Wampus . .	A military father.
Stillman . . .	Poor, but in love.
Knaggs . . .	Wallop's footman.
Kate	A maiden with a strong mind.
Blanche . . .	Sister to Kate.
Kitty	The house-maid.

Plays forty-five minutes. Time, present.

COSTUMES OF CHARACTERS.

Wallop.—Blue dress coat, light trowsers, fancy waistcoat, white hat, large fob chain, dark bald wig.

Col. Sam.—Undress military coat, buttoned up to chin, dark trowsers, wig and military whiskers, sandy.

Stillman.—Modern walking dress.

Knaggs.—Nice footman's dress; 2d dress made up police suit.

Kate.—Nice afternoon dress. Second entrance, opera cape, (*same as Blanche uses in 1st entrance*). 3d entrance, hat and umbrella in hand, shawl over arm.

Blanche.—Light afternoon walking dress and opera cape, hat, etc. 2d entrance, afternoon dress.

Kitty.—Smart housemaid's dress, apron, cap and slippers, bright colors.

PROPERTIES.

A book, to be used as "Tennyson's Poems"; a handsome bouquet for Blanche, 1st entrance; a large ring for Wallop; railroad tickets; pair of pistols; a newspaper.

Chas. B. Leathe, Printer, 478 Washington Street, Boston.

WALLOP'S WOOING.

SCENE (*no change.*) *Handsomely furnished room.* — *Large windows* C. *opening out on porch.* — *Doors* R. *and* L. — *Table* C.

KITTY *at table reading.* KNAGGS R.2E. *looking in.*

Kitty.

"Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free;
Not a lord in all the country,
Is so great a lord as he."

Oh! I wish I could get married to a great lord. Some folks does have such luck.

Knaggs. (*Coming down* C.) Well, I'm blessed if you ain't taking it easy.

Kitty. (*Starting.*) Lor' Knaggs, how you startled me! Hello! got on a new livery, eh?

Knaggs. Well, yes, and a nice fit, too. Master's getting very particular since he met your young missus. Would you have known me, Kitty?

Kitty. Known you? Why of course I should. I'd know you by your nose, anywhere, Knaggs.

Knaggs. You're a healthy one to take the conceit out of a fellow, you are. It's colored by exposure.

Kitty. Gin and water, more like.

Knaggs. No, I never mix liquors. It's pure and unadulterated for me. What was you reading?

Kitty. Did you hear me Knaggs? I was a reading of a chap as was a photographer, or at least the heroess thought he was; she was a poor gal, but he turned out to be a great lord, and took her to a great castle, where she died of grief after giving birth to three little babies.

Knaggs. No! Did she tho'? Well. I'd a thought she would.

Kitty. Yes, and there's lots of nice stories in that book. There's one as tells of a bad man as taxed the poor, and starved 'em; and he told his wife if she'd ride through the town without any things on, he'd stop it.

Knaggs. Well, that's a healthy story, that is.

Kitty. Yes, and you see they got her a horse, all covered over with gold and jewelry and she got on and rode all through the town, and nobody didn't look 'cept one, and he's blind now.

Knaggs. Is he though?

Kitty. Yes, and so the man didn't let the poor people starve any longer, and so they loved the woman, so they did.

Knaggs. I'd a thought they would, all but the blind chap. I say, Kitty, where's my master?

Kitty. Gone out walking with Miss Blanche. He's spoons on Blanche. Was you ever spoons on anyone, Knaggs?

Knaggs. Well, yes. It's a weakness we all gets a taste on sometimes.

Kitty. He's got lots of kite paper, hasn't he?

Knaggs. Kite paper!

Kitty. Well, some calls it kite paper, and some calls it mint drops, and again some others calls it shinplasters and tin.

Knaggs. Well I'm blowed. Can't you say pounds, shillings and pence? Of course he has. He's every thing but a wife.

Kitty. That's why he's soft on Blanche. Kind of fuddled like. Was he ever married?

Knaggs. Why of course not, he's a bachelor.

Kitty. That's a person as don't believe in getting married; I ain't no bachelor.

Knaggs. Well, no; not exactly.

Kitty. 'Tween you and I, Knaggs, there's another fellow with a finger in the pie; a Mr. Stillman, only he's poor as a church mouse. Blanche likes him best. Wallop might try for Kate.

Knaggs. The Lord deliver him.

Kitty. So I says. She's a strong minder, and whoever she marries, she'll wear the breeches; depend on it.

Knaggs. She'll wear the whole suit, breeches and all.

Kitty. (*Looking off* R.) Hush! (*Dusting.*) She's coming.

Enter KATE, R.2E.

Kate. What! So you're not through yet? All the afternoon at this room, and nothing done? Go down stairs, you hussy!

Kitty. Yes, ma'am, going. (*Aside.*) My eyes, won't Knaggs catch it though? (*Exit* R.2E.)

Kate. Well, Flunkey, who are you?

Knaggs. I'm Knaggs, if you please, ma'am.

Kate. Well, and who's Knaggs?

Knaggs. Wallop's man, if you please.

Kate. Well, you don't please; so take yourself off, quick.

Knaggs. I will, ma'am. (*Going. Aside.*) She's brassy. (*Aloud.*) I wishes you good evening, ma'am. (*Exit* R.2E.)

Kate. The impudent puppy. Like the sex. (*Sits* R.C.)

Enter COL. SAM, R.2E.

Col. Sam. (*Looking out door* R.2E.) Keep your own side next time. (*Coming down* L.) Who was that? He came near knocking me down stairs. What an atmosphere, phew! Smells like a livery stable. Who was that fellow, Kate?

Kate. Wallop's man.

Col. Sam. (*Seats himself* L.C.) Throw open the windows. Phew! Where's Blanche?

Kate. (*Going to window* C.) Coming down the walk with Wallop. (*Opens windows.*) He's evidently fascinated with the milk and water minx. (*Coming down* R.C.)

Col. Sam. Sour grapes; eh! Kate?

Kate. And you encourage them? Very well, I can torment and get high living from you as long as I'm single, and you're able to pay for it. There's comfort in that.

Col. Sam. It's comforting to know I've not got much more money to spend on you girls. As for living high, 'twill be in an attic soon, unless you or Blanche marry a man with money, like Wallop.

Kate. Blanche won't marry Wallop.

Col. Sam. And he hates you.

Kate. Hates me, does he? Why, I could scare the fool into matrimony if I tried.

Col. Sam. Why don't you try then?

Kate. I never have a chance to catch him alone; he's always with Blanche. And she's dead set on Stillman. They are a good couple; why do you interfere?

Col. Sam. Because I hold her as a bait for someone with money. She marry Stillman? Never!

Kate. You might get me off your hands if she did.

Col. Sam. Gad! That would tempt me if anything would. (*Walking up* C.) I'll think of it. Ah! here they come.

Kate. Then I'll go to my room. (*Exit* L.2E.)

Col. Sam. Lord, but I pity the poor devil who marries that girl. (*Down* R.)

Enter WALLOP *and* BLANCHE, R.2E.

Wallop. (*Down* C.) Ah, my dear Miss Wampus, here we are at home again. How I do delight to bask in the sunshine with such a creature — to sit, to sit in the lap of — of —

Blanche. (R.C.) Mr. Wallop!

Wallop. Of luxury, luxury my dear. You have enjoyed your walk, Miss Wampus?

Blanche. Yes, Wallop, I did enjoy *the walk.*

Wallop. (*Aside.*) Nothing said about the company.

Blanche. I always enjoy a walk just at evening. And you were so kind to get these flowers for me, so kind. (*Shows bouquet.*)

Wallop. Pray don't mention it, Miss Wampus; a mere trifle. (*Aside.*) A mere trifle, cost me a guinea; boy evidently thought me spooney, and took advantage of my embarrassment. (*Aloud.*) Ah, Miss Wampus, there are many things blooming — a — blooming, more beautiful than flowers, left to bloom with, a — with —

Col. Sam. Ahem!

Wallop. (*Aside.*) The devil! the Colonel! I didn't know he was here. (*Aloud.*) Ah, Colonel, good-evening. You see Colonel, we've got back. Your daughter is safe in my care, Colonel.

Col. Sam. Ah, Wallop, my boy, back again, eh?

Wallop. Yes, Colonel. (*Aside.*) Called me his boy; evidently will favor my suit. (*Aloud.*) Yes, Colonel, nice walk — very nice walk. The trees — the trees sang beautifully — Colonel — yes — no — the — the birds looked green, very green — yes — ah — no — (*wiping face with handkerchief.*) Don't it strike you, Colonel Wampus, that it's a little warm?

Col. Sam. (*Getting up, going* L.) Not uncomfortably so. Excuse me for a time, Wallop. I leave you in good company. (*Exit* L.2E.)

Wallop. (*Sits* R.C.) So he does, Miss Wampus, so he does. I should be charmed to be in such company forever and a day. (*Taking up book.*) Ah! What have we here? Tennyson, as I live. (*Reading.*)

"Your ringlets, your ringlets,
That look so golden gay,
If you will give me one, but one,
To kiss it night and day."

Now, that is rather pretty, Miss Wampus.

Blanche. Most *too* sentimental, Wallop. But I should dearly love to have you read to me.

Wallop. I am but an indifferent reader at best, Miss Wampus.

Blanche. Do read. I dote on Tennyson.

Wallop. (*Aside.*) She dotes on Tennyson! (*Aloud.*) But what shall I read?

Blanche. With Tennyson you can open anywhere, and you'll find a gem.

Wallop. Certainly, Miss Wampus, to please you; for, as I say, I am but an indifferent reader, and wouldn't read poetry to a dying grandmother if it would keep her alive a second; but to please you — to please you — I'll try — at the top of this page. (*Reading.*)

"She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind."

Blanche. Good gracious, Wallop, what long hair!

Wallop. So it was, so it was. Then a yard behind don't seem poetical. More as though they were speaking of a tenement-house, with a place to dry the washing. (*Reading.*)

"She told him of their tears,
And prayed him, 'if they pay this tax, they starve.'
Whereat he stared, replying, half amazed,
'You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these?*' 'Alas!' she said,
'But prove me what it is I would not do.'
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand
He answer'd, 'Ride you naked —'

(*Spoken.*) What — ride you — Eh! (*Turning leaves fast.*) Ah! Miss Wampus, excuse me, but here's something very choice. I

recognize the familiar lines. (*Reading fast and very much excited.*)

"The glass blew in, the fire blew out,
The blast blew hard and harder,
Her cap blew off, her dress blew up, —"

(*Spoken.*) The devil! Worse and more of it. (*Turns leaves fast.*) Listen, Miss Wampus. (*Reads.*)

"She blushed, her cheeks were rosy light,
She glanced across the plain,
But not a creature was in sight,
She kissed me once again."

(*Spoken.*) O, Lord! O, Lord! What does she take me for? The devil's in that book. (*Aloud.*) A — a — my selections a — were rather unfortunate, Miss Wampus. I assure you, I — tried to — do justice to — the subject.

Blanche. Yes — Wallop — you — read finely. I was — was was very much interested; a — your selections — were — were very fine. No I don't mean that; you read them very graphically. I — I seemed to see — no —

Wallop. Yes, yes, exactly; that is — a — (*Aside.*) Hang, shoot, and quarter me, if I ever read blind again.

Blanche. I — I think Wallop — it must be near supper time. Don't you think I'd better go and find out. It must be nearly ready.

Enter COL. SAM, L. *with paper.*

Wallop. (*Book in hand.*) Perhaps it is; perhaps on the whole you'd better go. Ah! Colonel, you are here.

Col. Sam. (*Down* C.) Yes, Wallop. (*Seeing book.*) Hello! been reading poetry, eh? Filling my girl's head full of nonsense?

Wallop. (*Earnestly.*) No, Colonel, on honor, no. It was a kind of — a — hymn, a — something — a strictly — a — strictly modest I assure you.

Blanche. Something — something from Scott, papa.

Col. Sam. Scott? nonsense! (*Taking book from* WALLOP.) This is Tennyson.

Blanche. Yes, of course; one of Tennyson's novels.

Col. Sam. Tennyson don't write novels. Wallop, you've been sentimental, you sly dog.

Wallop. No, Colonel, no, on honor. I read to Miss Wampus — a — a choice bit — a — of — romance.

Blanche. Yes, papa, that's it exactly.

Wallop. Don't you think it rather warm here, Colonel?

Col. Sam. Do you think it too warm, Blanche?

Blanche. O dear, no; I think it rather cool.

Wallop. Yes, quite cool, quite cool. (*Wiping face.*)

Col. Sam. (*Aside.*) What does this nonsense mean? (*Aloud.*) Blanche, your sister wants you in her room.

Blanche. Very well, good bye for a few minutes, Mr. Wallop. I'll be back soon. (*Exit* L.2E.)

Wallop. Did it ever strike you, Colonel Wampus, that Miss Wampus was an exceedingly fine creature?

Col. Sam. Creature! my daughter is not a brute.

Wallop. Certainly not. I mean she is — a — very nice — woman.

Col. Sam. She's very well in her modest way; but there's Kate. Now, Wallop, there's a superior woman for you.

Wallop. But, Colonel, I don't like a superior woman. I strongly object to a superior woman. (*Aside.*) Wants to throw his eldest at me. I'll change the subject. (*Aloud.*) Any news, Colonel?

Col. Sam. Not much of anything. Money is devilish tight.

Wallop. On a bust, eh? (*Aside.*) If I were not so timid, so remarkably timid, I might speak and ask for the fair hand of Blanche. (*Aloud.*) Ahem! Did you ever — did you ever think, Colonel — do you think seriously of marrying your daughter, Colonel Wampus?

Col. Sam. Marry my daughter! No, indeed! I think if I should marry I'd take the daughter of somebody else.

Wallop. Quite right, quite right. (*Aside.*) That's evidently a turn off. Young Stillman was sacked in an exceedingly unpleasant manner; couldn't sit down for a week. That young man is very jealous of me, very. I plainly saw manslaughter in his eyes this afternoon. Heavens! if he should challenge me. I hadn't thought of that. (*Aloud.*) Did you ever fight a duel, Colonel?

Col. Sam. Oh, yes, twice.

Wallop. Sho! Have you? Anyone hurt?

Col. Sam. O, yes. I was myself touched.

Wallop. And people are sometimes killed?

Col. Sam. I acted second for a hot-headed young gentleman, who fell dead and bleeding at my feet.

Wallop. Did you? My blood positively freezes. But I thought they used broad-swords at twenty paces.

Col. Sam. Broad-swords, indeed. No, sir. The style now is, over a table, revolvers, stand and fire until somebody's killed or wounded. (*Lights gradually down.*)

Wallop. O, Lord! What a bloodthirsty method. No, I'll never accept a challenge, never. (*Col. Sam gets up.*) Are you going, Colonel?

Col. Sam. Yes, Wallop, you'll have to excuse me. It's the hour to review the Tigers. (*Exit* L.)

Wallop. Review the tigers. The very notion strikes me with terror. Why is it that some men can calmly review such animals, while others, myself among the number, tremble at the sight of an uncaged mouse? I'll light a cigar to quiet my nerves. (*Takes out cigar, lights it.*) If there's one thing above another to quiet a man's nerves, it is a fine cigar. Now there's Blanche, she is an angel. I haven't the least doubt but if her coverings could only be removed, two wings would be brought to view. Not the least doubt of it, and should love to see them. Ah, what a future mine would be with her; she said she would come back soon. Hark! I hear her footstep now. Lord bless me, how excited I am to be sure, all of a tremble.

Enter KATE, *her head covered with white cape,* L.

Kate. (*Softly.*) Ah! Wallop, you expected me?

Wallop. I did; but, oh! call me Gustavus.

Kate. (*Passionately.*) Dear Gus.

Wallop. (*Aside.*) Dear Gus. Heavens! I'm all in a flutter; the very thought suggests cottages, climbing roses, babies! Wallop be firm. (*Striking his breast.*) Stay down, thou flutterer. She distinctly said dear Gus. (*Puffing cigar.*)

Kate. And oblige me by tossing your cigar out of the window.

Wallop. Eh! what?

Kate. I said throw your cigar out of that window, quick!

Wallop. Certainly, my love. (*Aside.*) Well, she's d—d cool about it. (*Throwing cigar away.*)

Kate. Now, let us be seated. (*They seat themselves.*)

Wallop. Now, my love.

Kate. You won't think ill of me for coming unattended; I couldn't help it, Gus, indeed I couldn't. (*Gets up, feels of seat.*) Excuse me, Gus, but is your seat a comfortable one?

Wallop. Eh! yes, very comfortable, thank you.

Kate. And there are none of those horrid springs sticking up in it.

Wallop. None, whatever: none, whatever.

Kate. You are quite sure it is very comfortable.

Wallop. I am quite sure, my dear. (*Enjoying it.*)

Kate. Then give it to me; this one is wretched.

Wallop. (*Surprised.*) Give it to you! O, yes, certainly.

Kate. (*Taking* WALLOP'S *chair.*) Ah! this is something like. (*Bouncing in chair.*) As I was saying, Gus, I couldn't help coming alone. Sister knows I'm here. I hesitated, but concluded to come, as I knew I should find you alone, in the moonlight.

Wallop. Well, I am alone; that is, was alone, until you came. (*Aside.*) This is getting somewhat interesting.

Kate. I don't have a chance like this, often, Gus. Come closer. (*Edging up.*)

Wallop. (*Aside.*) Be calm, Wallop, be calm thou flutterer.

Kate. (*Arm about his neck.*) Dear Wallop.

Wallop. Don't! Don't do that. I'm exceedingly ticklish; don't! Such things are well enough after marriage; we'd better wait.

Kate. O, Wallop! I'm so weak. A poor little weak woman. (*Hides face in hands.*)

Wallop. (*Aside.*) She was as strong as an ox this afternoon; actually leaped over a five barred gate.

(*Have a strong white light fall on them from* C. *window.*)

(*Aloud.*) Ah, my dear, don't, don't let your feelings run away with you. Be calm. Don't you see how calm I am? Why don't you take this thing off? (*Kisses her.*) Take this cape off; there, let me look into those eyes from the moonlight. What! (*Throws cape off.*) Great heavens! Is it possible? The wrong sister by all that's damnable! (*Goes* R.)

Kate. Well, sir, why don't you seat yourself?

Wallop. Don't speak to me, impostor. I'm dangerous, fearfully dangerous.

Ka'e. Wallop, sit down ! ! ! (*Slams chair.*)

Wallop. (*Frightened.*) Ye—s, yes my love, certainly. (*Aside.*) I'm as meek as a lamb.

Kate. (*Sternly.*) And mind you listen to me. (*Mildly.*) Although our tongues have been silent, our eyes have conversed.

Wa'lop. No ma'am, my eyes never—

Kate. Silence ! Don't interrupt me again. Your attentions to dear, deluded Blanche, though painful to me, have afforded me, in reasonable moments the greatest satisfaction.

Wallop. (*Aside.*) What the devil does she mean?

Kate. Who but myself could have guessed the noble self-devotion which animated you in averting the suspicions of the world from the secrets of our souls.

Wallop. But I have no secret, ma'am.

Kate. Ah, yes you have, Gus, and I know why you are so much with Blanche ; it is to prevent people from observing our attachment.

Wallop. No, I'll be blessed if it is.

Kate. O, but I am not offended.

Wallop. Well, that's comforting.

Kate. No, for I understand the signs by which you reciprocate my affection.

Wallop. I'm hanged if I do. (*Aside.*) Oh, she's very mad.

Ka'e. And now, Gus, you have my permission to see Blanche often ; in fact to go on as you've been going.

Wallop. Well, that's lucid.

Kate. For it disarms suspicion. Father would never consent to such a match for me.

Wallop. (*Starting up.*) Wouldn't, eh ! The Colonel's a brick. I'm willing to be kicked any number of times, and at once. (*Getting up, going* c.)

Ka'e. What, sir ! !

Wallop. (*Aside.*) O, Lord, she's going again. (*Aloud.*) There, there, don't ; pray don't excite yourself so. (*Sits.*)

Kate. What did you say, sir ! (*Scowls.*)

Wallop. Heavens ! she's roused ; I must try and pacify her. (*Aloud.*) Be calm now, be calm. We wont mind your papa, I dare say we shall be happy. Don't be angry with your Gus, but above all, don't wrinkle up your front so.

Kate. Then you will love, cherish, and protect me, Gussie, you will! (*Throws her arms about his neck.*) Swear it.

Wallop. Damn it, madam! (*Struggling.*)

Kate. Ah, Wallop, best of men. (*Hiding her head on his shoulder.*)

Wallop. But — but, madam, consider.

Kate. (*Looking up.*) Ah, Gus, a kiss — only one.

Wallop. Good Lord, madam, what do you take me for.

Kate. A kiss, Gus, only one to seal the bond.

Wallop. Bond? what bond? I never give bonds.

Kate. I'll not leave your sheltering arms until I've had one kiss.

Wallop. (*Noise outside.*) O, Lord! there's somebody coming. Get out of my arms. (*Struggling.*)

Kate. Never! without a kiss.

Wallop. (*Kisses her.*) There, now go, and never ask for more.

Kate. Another.

Wallop. (*Kisses her.*) There, and now for heaven's sake be off, out of my sight, away.

Kate. But give me some pledge, this ring of yours. (*Taking up hand and taking off ring.*) This shall be the pledge. I go, but mark me, Wallop, I'll return, and soon. 'Till then, sweetheart, good by. (*Exit* L.2E.)

Wallop. (*Amazed.*) Am — am I awake? My diamond gone! Larceny from the person and to the person's face. Heavens! and I am pledged, and to that woman. Oh! where are the local police? (*Enter* STILLMAN, R.) O, it's you, sir, well, sir?

Stillman. So! I find you at last, and alone. You are aware *what* I am here for?

Wallop. No, sir, I'm aware of nothing. I'm in a horrible dream. (*Giving arm.*) Pinch me, young man, pinch me.

Stillman. I'll pinch you directly, sir. Let me tell you your conduct to Miss Blanche has been most disgraceful, sir. And you a rusty old bachelor; you should know better. (*Snaps fingers in his face.*)

Wallop. My friend, be very careful of your epithets, I am naturally timid but I might get roused. I admit I am a bachelor, very much a bachelor, but that I'm old or rusty, why damme, sir, hold your tongue.

Stillman. You are old, old enough to be the father, perhaps grandfather, of the lady you force your odious attentions upon. Old enough to know better, sir.

Wallop. Go on, sir, go on.

Stillman. Yes, sir, I shall go on; I'm not so blind that I can't see through your chalk and plumpers!

Wallop. (*Excitedly.*) Chalk and plumpers! chalk and plumpers! Young man, beware, you may rouse the lion within me; beware, sir, or I'll have satisfaction, sir.

Stillman. I'll satisfy you for that matter; you have insulted me, sir, you have insulted the lady.

Wallop. What?

Stillman. By your odious attentions. I mean business, I want satisfaction, sir.

Wallop. You do. (*Aside.*) I'll terrify him. (*Aloud, bristling up.*) You shall have satisfaction, sir. S'death, sir, you have roused the lion within me; but one word more, and you shall see your mangled and gory form stretched on the carpet stiff in death.

Stillman. Indeed!

Wallop. Don't it terrify you?

Stillman. Zounds, sir, you only make an ass of yourself. In one word, sir, are you willing to give up Miss Wampus?

Wallop. Willing, young man, willing? Would you be willing to run from the grip of the devil?

Stillman. What do you mean?

Wallop. What do I mean? I mean, sir, that I am to have no voice in the matter; I am to be compelled to marry her.

Stillman. Who, Blanche?

Wallop. No, my dear sir, it isn't Blanche, it's the other.

Stillman. What, Kate? Impossible.

Wallop. No, sir, it's not impossible; nothing is impossible with a strong minded woman. She's got my ring as a pledge, and I'm to be led like a lamb to the slaughter.

Stillman. O, my dear sir, I feel for you, I do sincerely, — ha, ha, ha!

Wallop. Yes, it appears you do.

Stillman. Wallop, you've been regularly taken in and done for, — ha, ha, ha!

Wallop. Don't laugh at me, mine is a sensitive nature and it irritates me exceedingly.

Stillman. Can't help it tho', — ha, ha, ha! See here, my friend, I'll get you out of this scrape.

Wallop. You will?

Stillman. On one condition.

Wallop. Name it, young man, name it.

Stillman. No more of your attentions to Blanche.

Wallop. I won't speak to her again. If you will take her sister's spoke from out my wheel, anything, yes everything I have shall be yours.

Stillman. But how to get the ring back, there's the rub. Stay! Has she any other claim? Have you ever kissed or fondled her?

Wallop. Well, yes, I've kissed and fondled her, but you see I thought it was the younger Miss Wampus.

Stillman. Indeed, the younger Miss Wampus.

Wallop. But you know I'll not do it again.

Stillman. See here, Wallop, if old Wampus gets the best of you, he'll make a case of breach of promise of it, and you'll be pretty likely to lose everything.

Wallop. I thought so, I thought so! Is there no escape?

Stillman. I don't know; he'd follow you to the ends of the earth.

Wallop. You terrify me! (*Walking* R. *and* L.)

Stillman. I know the old man, but don't give way. I'll see what I can do for you. There, there, don't get excited. Take a stroll out in the cool air. It will quiet your nerves wonderfully.

Wallop. I will, I will; see, I'm all of a shake. Young man, be cautious. (*Going — returns.*) Young man, don't do anything rash. Be calm and cool. O, Lord! O, Lord! (*Exit* R.)

Stillman. Well, Miss Kate, you've got that fly in your web pretty securely, and how the devil am I to go to work to get him out? How to get the ring? Ah! but I've an idea. If I could get one of the rural police, or somebody to act as one, I might accomplish something. We'll see. Hello! Someone comes; perhaps I shall hear something I can make use of. I'll slip in here and listen. (*Goes behind window curtain* C.)

Enter KATE *and* BLANCHE, L. 2 E.

Blanche. But I don't understand it.

Kate. That is of no consequence.

Blanche. Yes: but that's Wallop's diamond ring.

Kate. It *was* Wallop's you mean.

Blanche. And how did you come by it?

Kate. That's none of your business; but it's right and proper that you should know this much; I'm to be married to Wallop tomorrow.

Blanche. Married to Wallop, to-morrow?

Kate. Exactly so.

Blanche. Poor fellow, I pity him; I do indeed.

Kate. None of your impertinence, Miss.

Blanche. You will lead him a pretty life, won't you?

Kate. I trust I shall be able to govern him. (*Exit* R.1E. *slamming door.*)

Blanche. I think there'll be no doubt about that; poor wretch. (STILLMAN *comes down* C.) Why, George! How you startled me. Where did you come from? Did you hear what Kate said?

Stillman. Every word of it, and what's more, I'm going to try and get Wallop out of the scrape. I've a half matured plan — somebody's coming; step out with me and I'll give you an idea of it. (*Exit both* C.)

Enter WALLOP *and* KNAGGS, R.2E.)

Wallop. (*Excited.*) Knaggs, are you quite sure you couldn't do it, quite sure, Knaggs?

Knaggs. Drive twenty-eight miles in two hours. No, sir, it can't be done. Why, I never heard of but one horse as could do that, — Tam O'Shanty's mare.

Wallop. Could you get him Knaggs, could you get him for me?

Knaggs. What! No, sir, I don't think as how I could get him. (*Aside.*) What's the matter with the boss?

Wallop. Then farewell Australia; I shall never see your golden shore.

Knaggs. Well, if the worst has come, you might go by telegraph.

Wallop. Knaggs, I am possessed of a devil.

Knaggs. Sho! You ain't though?

Wallop. O, why was I born, Knaggs, why was I born?

Knaggs. Too young to help yourself, I suspects.

Wallop. You're a philosopher, Knaggs, a philosopher. But tell me, did — did you ever try poison: only a little I mean; just to see what the effect was?

Knaggs. I've had many kinds of poor liquors in my day, sir.

Wallop. And you were never drowned?

Knaggs. Well, I can't remember as I ever were.

Wallop. What shall be done? Knaggs, go and cram, actually cram the span with oats.

Knaggs. They's had their night's feed, sir.

Wallop. Go! go and do as I bid you; and be ready to leave at a moment's notice.

Knaggs. I'm going. (*Aside.*) He's crazy. (*Exit* R.2E.)

Wallop. Something desperate must be done, Wallop. and you and I must do it. Shall we be humbled and trodden upon by a petticoat? Never! We must be brave — (*Breaking down.*) O, but I'm not brave, altho' I just had a full glass of raw brandy, and my interior is in a living blaze of fire. Something dreadful's coming; I know it. I feel it in my bones. (*Enter* KATE R.1E. *Seeing her.*) I told you so. Lord! how desperate she looks. (*Retreating back* R.)

Kate. I thought you would be waiting for me. Sit down, love, sit down.

Wallop. Thank you; but if it's all the same to you, I'd rather stand.

Kate. (*Slamming chair.*) Wallop! Sit down!

Wallow (*Sitting quickly.*) Yes — yes my love. Are — we all alone?

Kate. Yes, Gus; I saw no other opportunity to tell you what has happened — Hush! father's found us out. He say's he'll kill you before he'll let you have me. Think of that.

Wallop. I'm ready; I'm quite ready. I don't want you (*getting up*), and I won't have —

Kate. Wallop! Sit down!

Wallop. O, Lord! it's no use, she's too much for me.

Kate. He's found out, I tell you. And to put an end to the possibility of our deceiving him, he starts away with us to-morrow.

Wallop. (*Aside.*) A ray of hope. (*Aloud.*) Well, my dear, I shall try and bear this trial with fortitude.

Kate. O, no, my dear Gus; I've a much better plan than that. Hush! We must elope to-night!

Wallop. Great heavens!

Kate. Yes, to-night.

Wallop. My dear, I — I know it's not usual, but on this occasion, couldn't you elope alone?

Kate. To leave you, Gus? never!

Wallop. Gus, be — blessed!

Kate. I'm of age. We will get a special license. We will stop with friends of mine, who will be happy to do the proper thing by us until the necessary time has elapsed. Once married, it can't be helped, and father must forgive. Shall we not be happy, Gussie?

Wallop. Happy? But, a — a — suppose — just suppose, you know — that they catch us. Think, — think of the disgrace. (*Aside.*) A drowning man catches at a straw.

Kate. O, my love, we mustn't think of that.

Wallop. But — but, perhaps I might get shot; think of that, then.

Kate. But you sha'n't get shot, Gus.

Wallop. My dear, before we start to such an extreme course — a — don't you think I'd better go and plead with the colonel? Yes, (*getting up*) I will speak to him, with tears in my eyes; he will overcome his scruples before the eloquence of manly tears.

Kate. Do nothing of the kind. You don't know him. He's a hotspur. Why, he thinks there's nobody good enough for me.

Wallop. That's it — I've just found it out. I'm not good enough for you. I'm not good enough for you. I'm a villain, knave, rogue, rascal, everything that's bad. Miss Wampus, I am a monster!

Kate. (*Patting him under chin.*) No, you're not a monster; you're my own Walley-Polley, so you are.

Wallop. Don't, don't do that; you'll ruffle my collar.

Kate. So you're a rogue, are you? (*Hugs him. — Enter* KITTY R.2E.) See how fearless I am.

Wallop. Madam, madam, consider, I'm a modest man. What — what do you take me for? (*Gets away from* KATE, *goes* L.)

Kitty. (*Coming down* C. — *Aside.*) O, but she's playing the deuce with him. (*Aloud.*) Please, ma'am here's the tickets. Goes at eleven, sharp. (*Gives tickets to* KATE. *Aside to* WALLOP.) You'd better give in and come away easy, for she's game.

Kate. Here are the tickets, Gus. We have but an hour. I must get ready. Pack up your linen, and above all, keep mum. I'll be back in a few minutes. (*Exit* L.2E.)

Wallop. O, Lord! I'm bottled in spite of myself. What — what am I to do? (*Walking* R. *and* L.) What could any man do against such feminine resources? (*Enter* STILLMAN, R.2E. — *Seeing him.*) Tell me, young man, is there a ray of hope?

Stillman. Has anything turned up?

Wallop. Has anything turned up? Everything's turned up. I'm completely turned up. Beware how you encourage hope. She's going to elope me off with her to-night.

Stillman. No; not to-night.

Wallop. Within half-an-hour.

Stillman. Then there's not a moment to be lost. Wallop, I'll save you; ask me no questions, but submit. I'll have you arrested. (*Exit hurriedly*, R.2E.)

Wallop. (*Excited.*) Stop! Stop! I'll not submit. I'll not be arrested. Great heavens! What does he mean? This is getting infernal. Me arrested! Never! I'll stop him. Hello! Hello, I say! Stop, stop! I won't be arrested! Stop — (*Exit* R.2E.)

Enter KITTY R.2E., *and* KNAGGS R.1E.

Knaggs. Who was it? (*Going up* C.)

Kitty. Good Lord, I don't know. Perhaps it's thieves.

Knaggs. (*Looking out window*, C.) No, it wasn't. It's my master. There he goes, as though the devils were after him.

Kitty. And Miss Kate and her father is a packing up her things. Something's up, and it ain't no good neither.

Knaggs. And master's made me cram the span with oats, till they're nearly busted.

Wallop. (R.2E., *outside.*) Where, O where is Knaggs?

Knaggs. Here, sir, and a coming. (*To* KITTY.) Keep an eye open, Kitty. (*Exit* R.1E.)

Kitty. That I will. I'm all agog. I never seed such doings afore. I wonder what's wanted of Knaggs. (*Goes up* C., *looks out.*)

Enter WALLOP, R.2E.

Wallop. I won't be arrested, never! I couldn't catch the young man, but — (*Seeing* KITTY.) Hello! Who's this, another female? Why, damme, it actually rains females in this house.

Kitty. Your servant, sir.

Wallop. No, I'll be d——d if you are. Go away, inquisitive female, go away: who are you?

Kitty. I'm only the housemaid, Kitty, if you please.

Wallop. O, you're only Kitty; well, you look like a creature with sympathies. Tell me, Kitty, of your oldest mistress; is she ever tender hearted, after she gets a little used to a fellow, eh?

Kitty. Miss Kate? Tender hearted? O, Lor, sir, that's a good 'un; why she's awful; a regular spunky one, sir.

Wallop. O, Lord!

Kitty. And I just pity the poor fool as she gets hold on, sir. My heart would bleed for him, sir, it would indeed.

Wallop. (*Aside.*) She is sympathetic, and has a heart.

Kittw 'Cause he'd have to fly round, sir, "like a hen with one chicken," so he would; and then when she's roused, sir, — real biting mad, —

Wallop. Biting mad?

Kitty. Yes, when she's real biting mad, she's awful.

Wallop. O, agony, agony!

Kitty. For if a man was brave she'd soon bring him to his marrow bones, and I've seen her do it. It's fun for her, sir. Why, 'twould be "as easy to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." as to think of living with her, so it would.

Wallop. "Silk purse of a sow's ear;" it's rude but graphic. O, I can't stand this. What, O, what am I to do? Stop; I've an idea. Kitty, the housemaid, look on me; I'm well proportioned, rich and respectable, and remarkably good natured. Will you marry me?

Kitty. What, sir?

Wallop. I know it's rather sudden, but I'll make a good husband, and in time, a father, a kind father; see, — (*Kneels.*) — on my knees I implore.

Kitty. (*Indignant.*) How dare you, sir! How dare you, sir! What would people think — Get up! (WALLOP *gets up.*) To speak to me in that manner? I'll go and tell Knaggs and he shall chastise you. Wallop, beware! (*Exit* L.2E.)

Wallop. Here's another mess. Knaggs chastise me? I've no doubt he will; and I'm to be run off with by an Amazon, have been refused by a menial, and am about to be chopped up by my own flunkey. If I'm not already a lunatic, I'll be one soon. O, Lord! O, Lord! I'm all in a quiver. (*Sinks in a chair.* L.C.)

Enter KATE. L.2E.

Kate. I thought you would be here waiting. Are you quite ready? I'm all packed. Where's your carpet-sack? (*Seeing him.*) What, asleep! Wallop, get up!

Wallop. (*Starting.*) Eh, come not near me; away, detested one. I won't elope, never; I'll not leave the room; kill me if you will, hack me to atoms; anything, anything, but stand off!

Kate. Wallop!

Wallop. Don't Wallop me, ma'am. (*Jumps up in chair.*)

Kate. Get off that chair or I'll wallop you in earnest. (*Lifts umbrella.*)

Wallop. Stand off, stand off, or I'll cry out.

Kate. Be quiet, make less noise!

Wallop. But I'll not be quiet. A moment ago I was a nincompoop, but I'm now a man, and I'll make all the noise I wish. Help! help, somebody! Thieves! Murder! Police! Hello!

Kate. Oh, I'll make you pay for this!

Wallop. Help — fire — murder — police!

Enter COL. SAM, L.2E., *Pistols in both hands.* KNAGGS, *disguised as a policeman,* R.2E., *and* KITTY L.1E.

Col. Sam. Damme, sir, what's all this howling about? Who is it making this infernal racket?

Wallop. Officer, I claim the law's protection; remove that female. (*Pointing to Kate.*)

Col. Sam. What, sir! My daughter?

Kate. The monster, after the vows he has made; but I'll sue him. Ugh! I hate you.

Col. Sam. An officer of the law in my house. Well, sir, what may your business be?

Knaggs. To arrest one surnamed Wallop, here within domiciled, he having in his possession a diamond ring said to be stolen from one Adam Goodsell. I must report with his living body, and the ring, at headquarters at once. (*To* WALLOP.) You are my man.

Wallop. O, good Mr. Officer, I am no thief. She,—(*Pointing to* KATE)—has stolen a ring from me, the one on her first finger.

Knaggs. Ah, ha! that's it, the very thing described. Young woman, I'm sorry, but you must come with me.

Col. Sam. What! My daughter!

Kate. Stand off, sir! Dare you come near me. I'll tear your eyes out. There's the ring, take it. (*Throws it at* KNAGGS.) But

don't you lay one of your dirty paws on me. He's your prisoner. (*Points to* WALLOP.) The ring is his.

Wallop. Yes, Officer, it's mine; she stole it.

Col. Sam. What do you say, sir? (*Raises pistol.*)

Knaggs. O, don't use that. Leave him to the law, sir. Now, Wallop, follow me.

Kitty. (*Who has been looking at* KNAGGS.) My eyes!

Wallop. But Mr. Officer, I'm no thief, don't take me. I have the bill of sale in my carpet-sack, and can prove the ring my own.

Kitty. O, but that's too good. Officer, indeed. (*Punching* KNAGGS.) He's no officer, he's Knaggs. Why, I could tell him by his nose anywhere. (*General movement.*)

Knaggs. O, Lord! it's all up. (*To* WALLOP.) Here's your ring, hold on to it — (*gives ring*) — and thank Mr. Stillman.

Col. Sam. Wallop's lackey? Are you Knaggs? Speak, or I'll blow daylight through you. (*Points pistol.*)

Knaggs. Don't, don't shoot. Yes, I'm Knaggs.

Col. Sam. Mr. Wallop, see me, sir, Colonel Sam Wampus. Damme! you've promised to marry my daughter.

Wallop. My military friend, you lie!

Kate. He did. I'll sue him; I'll ruin him; I'll have him yet.

Wallop. No you won't. The shoe's on the other foot now. No, Captain Bobadil! I'm ready to take a bull by the horns, and damme, I'd rather do it than marry you.

Col. Sam. You shall answer to me, sir.

Enter BLANCHE *and* STILLMAN, R.

Kate. No, father, have no more to say to him. Why, I wouldn't marry that thing if I could.

Stillman. Ah, ha! glorious, glorious! and Wallop has the ring, too. (*Coming down.*) Wallop, I congratulate you, I do indeed; and, Colonel, I asked you for your daughter once and got kicked for it; now mind you don't try that again, for I'm going to have her without the asking this time, 'aint I Blanche?

Col. Sam. (*Angry.*) What you, you rag muffin, you seedy, hard-up pennyless puppy? You marry my daughter? I'm insulted. I'm Colonel Sam Wampus, a military man and a dead shot; take one of those pistols over this table. (*Slapping table with hand.*)

Stillman. (*Takes pistol.*) Anything to oblige. Well, sir, have you made your will? I'm ready. (*Position, pointing pistol.*)

Col. Sam. (*Cooling down.*) Why, bless me, what a bloody young scoundrel. He evidently wants to slaughter me.

Stillman. Defend yourself.

Blanche. George, George, what are you about to do?

Stillman. Bless you, he won't fight. I'm only frightening him.

Wallop. What a family; Waterloo was nothing to it. Come now, don't murder the old gent in cold blood.—give him a chance for prayers; he looks as though he'd like the time. (*To* COL. SAM.) Now listen to me, Col, Wampus; I'm going to do the right thing by this young Adonis, so you'd better let him have what he asks for.

Col. Sam. Certainly, my dear sir, certainly. If you are to do the right thing by him, you should have said so before; besides I've seen enough blood in my day.

Wallop. (*Aside.*) Lived near some slaughter house likely. (*Aloud.*) Wampus, you've spoken like a man. (*Goes to* STILLMAN *and* BLANCHE.) Young man, she's yours; young woman, you are his. Bless, bless you both.

Blanche. Our kind friend and benefactor.

Wallop. You shall both come and live with me, and I'll be a father to your children, Miss Wampus.

Stillman. Sir!

Wallop. Godfather, godfather, young man.

Kitty. And I'll come and serve you, Miss Blanche.

Wallop. So you shall.

Col. Sam. Not so fast. If my servant leaves me, who's to do the work?

Wallop. (*Points to* KATE, *who sits back* R.C.) Who! why, there's a healthy, able bodied woman over there.

Kate. Insulting wretch! (*Stands up.*)

Wallop. Keep cool now, keep cool.

Kate. Father, if there's any man to you, you wouldn't hear this quietly, but you haven't the backbone of a chicken, or you'd shoot the scoundrel. If you won't, I will. (*Takes pistol, snaps it at* WALLOP *who rushes behind chairs and table.*)

Wallop. Hold her, hold her. Great heavens, what will she do?

Col. Sam. Never fear, Wallop, they're not loaded; I took precious good pains to see they were not before I brought them down.

Wallop. (*Standing up, throws open coat.*) Not loaded, not loaded. Then fire away, infuriated female, here's my manly bosom.

Kate. Ugh! I hate you. (*Throws pistol,* WALLOP *dodges.*) I hate all men. I'll never marry.

Wallop. Well, I wouldn't,—I shan't; I've got quite enough of matrimony. I shall retire to my country establishment, take this loving pair, (*Pointing to* STILLMAN *and* BLANCHE) and wait for the little Stillmen. Bye-the-bye, they may not be so very still, either. Never, mind I shall take this loving pair, and — (*Seeing* KNAGGS *and* KITTY, *who are holding each others hands*) I may say two loving pair, and wait for the little Knaggs, too, and lead an easy life of comfort. Are there any bachelors here? Yes, I see several; I know them by their bald heads. Let me advise you, my friends. Beware of strong-minded women, and profit by what you have seen in "WALLOP'S WOOING."

CURTAIN.

Col. Sam. *Knaggs.* *Kitty.* *Wallop.* *Blanche.* *Stillman.* *Kate.*

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